Sweetheart be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth afush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields forcebow;
Dear sever heart, be my sweetheart,
As into the moon we go.

Sweathcart, he my sweetheart When fails the bounteous year, When frait and wine of tree and vine Give us their harvest cheer; Oh, sweetheart, he my sweatheart, For whiter il draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the treef youth is speat, forsooth,
And the land of age is cold;
Yet, sweetheart
Till the year of our love be yid!
-Eugene Field to the March Ladies' Home
Journal.

A LOST ILLUSION.

"Well, I'm blest! What an extraordinary thing! Who the deuce can have sent it, and what the devil do they mean by it?" and Capt. Clitheroe turned over and over a dainty sheet of note paper on which a few words were written to bold, decided char-"It's altogether the rummlest go I've ever come across. An an onymous letter!" The note ran thus:

"It will be worth your while to watch ing a call at the Hotel Metropole. You may not find your visit altogether amusing, but you will certainly find it

"By Jove!" said the captain, "how absurd Some woman, I suppose, jealous of Lily's good looks. It's alwhys a woman who does that sort of paor little Lily-perhaps she may make a guess at the writer, she's a long-headed little woman."

And picking up the mysterious com-munication, Capt. Clitheroe was about to make his way to his wife's room, when that charming young lady flut-tered into the breakfast room, in the freshest and most fascinating of morn ing gowns.

"Have I kept you waiting. Hugh? I'm so sorry!" and she took her place screnely behind her urn.
"Any news?" she asked, glancing at

the pile of leters beside her husband's

"None at all; everything is as dull as can be. Somehow it seemed ridiculous to tell

Lily about the note. And then wo-men are such extraordinary creatures, was no knowing how she might

"That was a charming dance at the Philisters last night," wolunteered Lily, after a pause, during which she had opened several of her letters. You certainly seemed to enjoy your-

"I did. I-oh! here is a card from Lota Jardyne. She wants us to dine there on the twentieth to meet the Maharaja of Kaputhala. How that woman gets people to go to her I don't know. Besides, why does she ask us? We are not in that fast set. thank goodness, and besides, she hates

"Hates you! My dear Lily, what nonsense! Why, last night she was singing your praises to me for ever "Oh, yes, I know-en tete-a-tete in

the conservatory. Capt. Clitheroe laughed.

"You are too hard on her, Lily. She is not so bad, though, of course, I should not care to have you her bosom friend. But, really, she talked of no-thing but you, how graceful you were, how charming-in fact, when she passed from your hair to your teeth, I be-gan to rest a little uneasy. I was afraid a full extelogue of your charms was to follow." Mrs. Clitheroe had flushed to the

roots of her golden hair. "What an abominable woman? What

"Well, her partner came and claimed her for the next dance, and so I escaped. But why on earth should you think the woman hates you?"

"Why, you dear old simpleton! Don't

you know she will never forgive me for being Mrs. Glitheroe? Don't you know she wanted you to play Lancelot to her Guinevere?"

"Hugh! But never mind her. By the way, coar, I don't think I ever knew any one to waitz like your friend Graham. It makes one think of all those deliciously wicked little French love poems that one mayn't read till one's married." "Really, my dear Lity!" laughed

Hugh.

"Well, you know, dear, so few men do dance nowadays that one may be permitted to enthuse a little over one who does; and besides, Capt. Graham is altogether delightful in every way." "Yes, he's one of the best fellows I know; I'm glad you like him."

"It was so strange. I felt sure I had seen him before, and we made out we had met at Mentone, when I was traveling with uncle, years ago."
"Really! Lady Jardyne said she

"Really! Lady Jardyne said she knew you at Mentone"
"Oh, bother Lady Jardyne! You must ask Capt. Graham to dine; I hke to know your bachelor friends."
"With pleasure, darling; but he has

only just arrived, you know, atel I don't know where he has put up. However, he's sure to look in at the club." "Oh, he told me last night he was staying at the Metropole!" "The Metropole!" and Capt Clitheroe

set down his coffee cup with a jerk.
"Yes; what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered, smiling; but, glancing at his wife after a moment, he fancied she looked a little disturbed and she broke the seal of an-

other letter It was a most extraordinary coincidence, and certainly Graham had been particularly attentive to Lily last and but it was altogether too

Impossible, yet— Mrs. Clitheroe broke into his

"Do you know, Hugh, that Capt. Graham "
"My dear Lily, you seem to have Captain Graham on the brain!" PX-claimed bur husband, rising abruptly.

Mrs. Clitheree looked at him with a slight. Hugh was given to assuming Othello-like moods at times, and they were rather amusing to his fair Des

lemona than otherwise. Meantime, Hugh was gazing rather blankly at the trees of Grosvenor square, and trying hard to dispel the doubt that had arisen in his mind. People, he reflected, who write anonymous letters are proverbially cowards and slanderers, yet there is seldon any smoke without fire. The Metro-It was an extraordinary cointhe matter out at once? It

might be wiser-yes! Captain Clitheroe turned and caught a fascinating glimpse of his wife, who stood with upraised arms before the glass, arranging a refractory cur! How very pretty she was! Her dainty, saucy face smiled back at him from the mirror, her parted lips disclosing those exquisite white teeth which were one of her greatest charms. Impossible that she should deceive him-absolutely impossible! Besides, they had married for love, and that little more than a year ago; it could not be. As he stood irresolute, a sudden in-

spiration flashed upon his mind.
"Lily, what do you say to driving down to Richmond this afternoon and dining there? Wouldn't it be rather

"Delightful. That is, if you think we can get back in time for Lady Valmont's reception, you know."

"Oh, we shall have heaps of time," he exclaimed, gleefully, and he stooped and kissed her. "Be ready to start directly after lunch, like a good little woman.

Capt. Clitheroe's sigh of relief when he was alone was the sort of thing to gladden the heart of an optimist. The letter was all nonsense, of course, or she would have made some excuse, darling little Lily. Now he would burn the letter and forget all about it. No; he would keep it, and to-night, when they were driving home, be would show it, and she should laugh at him as much as she pleased, and together they might unravel the mystery or practical joke, whichever it might be. *So the gilt-edged note was replaced in his pocket, as he took his way to his own don.

stood a moment in the hall to relight his cigarette, and his eyes fell on a scrap of paper at his feet. Mechantcally he picked it up; it was a fragment of a torn envelope, and a bit of the letter had been left inside.

Hardly thinking what he did, he glanced at them, and his attention was unpleasantly arrested by an unmistakable "pole" on the remains of the flap of the envelope, and "three sharp" on the minute corner of the enclosed letter, with "F. Gr" on the other side.

He stood stockstill. Without a doubt the incomplete words were "Metro-pole" and "F. Graham."

We all of us have a few bad quar-ters of an hour to pass during our-progress through this vale of tears. and, I haps, the interval between his entering his den and his emerging from it at the sound of the luncheon bell was the worst that Hugh Clitheroe was ever destined to traverse.

Lily was already in the dining room when he appeared, but a striking change had come over her. The bright, fresh figure of the morning was gone; the pretty golden head and the dainty face were completely shrouded in a huge lace veil.

"What's the matter?" asked Hugh, hurriedly. "Oh, Hugh, dear, that neuralgia-

on, riugh, cear, that houragia—that dreadful neuralgia; I shall go mad with the pain, I think."

"Poor little girl," he said, gently; "perhaps the air will do you good."

"The air? Oh, I forgot. Oh, Hugh, I cannot possibly go! I am too ill."

Hugh's heart sank

Hugh's heart sank. But, dear-

"The drive would make it ever so much worse," she interrupted, pettish-"It is absurd to think of it. shall stay in my room, and be very quiet all the afternoon, and perhaps

when you come back to dinner I shall be quite well again." "Perhaps! There seems to be some-thing very creatic about its coming and going."

Lily gazed at him a moment. "I will go upstairs now, Hugh.
'hat are you going to do?"

"Oh, I shall go to the club," he answered, carelessly, "and then on to the Fairchilds. I sha'n't trouble you." "You never do that, dear," she said, sweetly, as she gave him a little but-

Hugh Clitheroe felt as if some one had dealt him a blow. That was the last straw! He was grimly determin-

ed to carry out to the bitter end the plan he had formed this morning.

With unusual emphasis be gave his parting directions to his man, and closed the hall door after him in a manner calculated to exaggerate his wife's neuralgia. There was little unnecessary noise, however, about the way in which he reentered the house later. Never had he walked so softly later. Never had he walked so sortly in his life as when he stole back to his den, which commanded a view of

staircase and the hall. It was mean-execrably mean, he knew, of course; but-at that moment he heard the gentle fron-fron of a woman's gown, then a noiseless opening and closing of the hall door, and the next moment he was watching his wife's black-robed figure being whirled away in a hanson. A second more saw him following in another cab. The vehicles drew up, one behind the other before the portice of the Metropole.

Capt. Clitheroe sat well back in his hanson, while Lily passed rapidly into the hall of the hotel. When she had disappeared, he followed. His face white and set, and his soul was

boiling within him. Graham, his own familiar friend, in whom he had trusted! Of course, it was always so.

Lily his bright, innocent, girlish wife! His bands clenched as be thought of it.

The difficulty was, of course, to discover the number of the room. There was no knowing under what alias

Graham might be passing-it was best not to mention names. A few minutes' conversation with the porter, conducted in a diplomatic manner, a turn or two of the golden key, and Capt. Clitheroe found him-self outside No. 72 only a few minutes

after Lily had entered it. He was obliged to pause a moment

to control himself, then abruptly turnd the handle of the door. For a second there was absolute silence as he stood on the threshold

taking in the scene before him. His wife, her hat thrown off, her wraps loosened, was reclining in an easy-chair—bending over was a tall, dark man, but not Frank Graham.

It was this discovery that petrified Captain Clitheroe, but only for a recond. The hero of the adventure was inferent; but alas! the miserable adventure remained the same.
He advanced quickly, and Lily, terrified by his looks, ntered a sharp

cry and covered her face with her hands; the stranger alone remained impassable, calmly polite and smiling. "Who are you? What are you?" thundered the captain, beside himself

"May I ask you the same question?" came with a slight nasal intonation from the smiling lips of the stranger.

"I am Capt. Clitheroe."
"Madam's husband! I see!"
His calm allousness maddened Hugh.
"How do you explain your conduct?
my wife's presence here?"

my wife's presence here?"
"I can explain nothing without madam's permission."
"Oh. Hugh!" sobbed Lity. "I will explain everything to you. I will, in deed; only go away—do go away! Oh! why did you come here?"

Capt. Chitheree laughed, sardonical-

ly, and flung down the letter of the morning. "Because I wanted to see morning. the truth there was in this."

"Lota Jardyne's! I'm sure it is from her. I told you she hated me. Oh, if you would only go away!" Hugh turned from her impatiently, and once more confronted the stranger, who still wore his slightly amused

"You, sir-it is with you I have to do. Do you think I mean to parley with you? Do you think I am going to be made the laughing stock of the wn? Do you think-What's that?" asked, imperatively, as his eye lighted on a dainty morocco case on the table

The stranger made a movement to it, but Clitheroe was too quick

for him. 'No, I will see it! You have dared to make her presents," and in his rage he fumbled helplessly with the spring. "I would not open it if I were you, captain," put in the dark man, suave-

spring yielded to his pressure. "Great Scott!" Lily shricked, the stranger still smiled as the captain stood gazing.

I" cried Clitheroe, as the

horror struck, at an adorable set of -pearly teeth! 'I-you-then-

The dark man came to the rescue with his maddeningly smooth voice. "You did not know? I am Mr. Grinder, of the firm of Molar & Grinder, Some years ago I was staying at Menance of madam and her uncle. Madam, who was at that time, of course, a very young lady, had the misfortune, while riding, to meet with a very backedent, in which her-eh-dental or ganization was fatally injured. I had the pleasure of coming to the rescue in my professional capacity, and sine always been henored with madam's confidence.

"I was forced to pass through Lon don, and agreed with madam, that the opportunity would be it good one to ensure her against any mishap by providing her with another-eh-another set of pearls. Madam is a little disturbed, and if you will allow me, I will withdraw. I have some telegrams to attend to. Pray consult your own convenience in every way;" and, still smiling, suave and irreproachable, the junior partner of Molar & Grinder withdrew.

Fine Detective Work.

"One of the best pieces of detective work I ever saw," said James C. Sut-ter, of San Francisco, "was done by a private detective of little or no repu-tation at the time in our city. A swell restaurant was completely demoralized by a series of petty thefts. Its plated ware, which had to be of a high quality, was stolen freely, and it frequently happened that the pockets of overcosts on the racks were pilfered. proprietor, recognizing that living was at stake, offered an extion of the thief, and the detective I refer to undertook the job. He planned out a series of mirrors, reversing who makes a portrait of a flyure invisible, and so planning the glasses that he could overlook the entire room while seated at a little table in the far corner. His planning involved som little expense and seemed so far-fetch-ed that he had some difficulty in persuading the proprietor to adopt the idea. He had his own way at last, and then, when everything was ready, he arranged to have a little more sliver ware than usual scattered around and made his observations. He caught three men on the first day, but rightly supposing the work was being done by a gang, who were doubtless operating other houses, he had the three shad-owed and continued his observations the following day. He finally captured seven, and traced their opera-tions to nearly every hotel and res-taurant in the city. He has never made public the exact secret of his angles in the looking glasses, but has popularized himself so much among the hotel fraternity that he has never lacked for work, and has got in the way of refusing jobs in other lines.— St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Date of Creation. In the seventeenth century Dr. John Lightfoot, vice-chancellor of the Uniersity of Cambridge, the great rabbinical scholar of his time, attempted to reconcile the two accounts in Genests by saying that of the "clean sor of beasts there were seven of every kind created, three couples for breed ing and the odd one for Adam's sacrifice on his fall, which God foresaw; that of unclean beasts only one couple was created; and finally, that "heave; and earth, centre and circumference were created together, in the same in stant, and clouds full of water," and stant, and clouds full of water," and that "this took place and man was created by the Trinity on October 23, 4004 B. C., at nine o'clock in the morning." Here was, indeed a triumph of Luctantius's method, thresult of a thousand years of biblical study and theological thought since Bede, in the eighth century, and Vincent de Beauvals, in the thirteenth, had declared that creation must have had declared that creation must hav taken place in the spring. Yet, alass within two centuries after Lightfoot's great theological demonstration as to the exact hour of creation, it was dis the exact hour of creation, it was dis-covered that at that hour an exceed-ingly cultivated people, enjoying all the fruits of a highly developed civ-ilization, had long been swarming in the great cities of Egypt, and that other nations hardly less advanced had at that time reached a high de-velopment in Asia.—Andrew D. White, L. H. D. in the Pomplar Science Mon-

It's a very poor hive that basn't some honey in it.

L. H. D., in the Popular Science Mon

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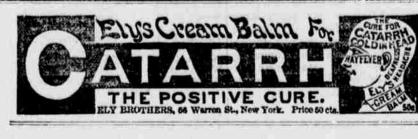
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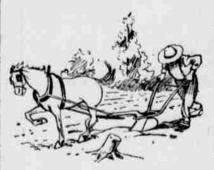
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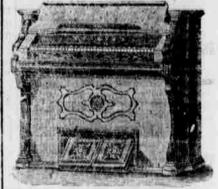
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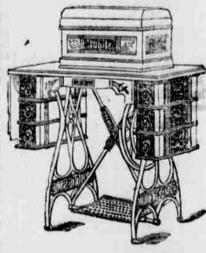
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